



ANC

TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

10c

No.5

W.W.

ERIE



OPERATION
HORROR

MASTER of
the CATS

I PAINTED
ONLY TERROR

the KNIFE
of JACK
the RIPPER

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

WAS IT A DREAM? THE APPEARANCE
OF THIS PREHISTORIC MONSTER?
WAS IT IMAGINATION? THE CAVE
MAN HAD COME BACK... AND HIS
MISSION WAS... MURDER!
"OPERATION HORROR!"



FOG IS THE FRIEND OF EVIL, CONCEAL-
ING STRANGE SECRETS OF LIFE... TOO HORRIBLE TO
BE REVEALED. THE PADDED FEET WERE
CREEPING EVER CLOSER TO TWO INNO-
CENT PEOPLE LOST IN THE MISTS!
"MASTER OF THE CATS!"

REMEMBER MY
WARNING...
MY NEXT
VICTIM MAY BE...
YOU!!
"THE KNIFE OF
JACK THE RIPPER!!"



PAUL BEAUMONT BUILT HIS FAME WITH
HIS PAINTINGS OF HUMAN TERROR!
AND THEN HE PLANNED HIS MASTERPIECE!
NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM--NOT EVEN
THOUGH IT COST THE LIFE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL
MODEL! "I PAINT ONLY TERROR!"

I PAINTED ONLY TERROR!

FASTER! FASTER!

PAUL BEAUMONT BUILT HIS FAME WITH HIS PAINTINGS OF HUMAN TERROR! AND THEN HE PLANNED HIS MASTERPIECE! NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM---NOT EVEN THOUGH IT COST THE LIFE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL! PAUL BEAUMONT DID NOT KNOW THE GRISLY RETRIBUTION THAT WOULD COME, WHEN HE SAID:.....
"I PAINTED ONLY TERROR!"

YES! YES, I'LL PAINT IT! THE PICTURE OF A PERSON MORE FRIGHTENED THAN ANYONE HAS BEEN BEFORE! HA! HA! MY MASTERPIECE!

DOC, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME! I'M GETTING TOO FRIGHTENED!

ABOUT WHAT, MR. BEAUMONT?

I CAN'T SLEEP! I HAVE SUCH TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES! DOC, MAYBE YOU KNOW, I'M AN ARTIST! FOR FIVE YEARS NOW I'VE PAINTED ONLY PICTURES OF PEOPLE FRIGHTENED! I'VE BUILT A REPUTATION FOR IT!

I'VE SEEN YOUR PAINTINGS! YOU DEPICT HUMAN TERROR WONDERFULLY!

I ALWAYS LIKED TO STUDY TERROR! IT... IT FASCINATED ME! I REMEMBER THE FIRST PAINTING I DID! I PAINTED A WOMAN'S FACE FROM MEMORY! I WAS IN A CROWD, WATCHING A FIRE! THERE WAS A WOMAN IN A BURNING WINDOW...



HELP! AHHH!!!



MY PICTURE OF THAT WOMAN MADE A HIT! ...I DISCOVERED I'M GOOD AT PAINTING THAT SORT OF THING! I GOT A CHANCE TO SEE A MAN ELECTROCUTED! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY HE LOOKED WHEN HE FIRST SAW THE CHAIR...



I'VE PAINTED HUNDREDS OF THAT KIND OF PICTURE! I'M FAMOUS! BUT, DOC...I'M GETTING TOO NERVOUS! DOC, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?



FEAR IS COMMUNICABLE! YOU'VE DABBLED IN IT TOO MUCH! I'D ADVISE YOU TO GIVE UP PAINTING THINGS LIKE THAT! TRY PAINTING PRETTY FARM SCENES... A RIVER! BIRDS IN THE TREES!

DOC, ARE YOU CRAZY?



ME, PAINT THINGS LIKE THAT? HA! HA! THAT'S FUNNY! WHY...I PAINT ONLY TERROR! YOU HAD BETTER STOP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, MR. BEAUMONT!



OKAY, DOC, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO RIGHT HOME AND PAINT A PICTURE OF MAMA BIRD FEEDING LITTLE BABY BIRD! GOOD IDEA! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! HA! HA!



BACK AT HOME, THAT EVENING...

THAT DOG THINKS I'M CRAZY!
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!



...BUT HE'S RIGHT, IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS! I KNOW
WHAT I'LL DO--I'LL PAINT JUST ONE SUPREME
MASTERPIECE! IT'LL BRING ME FAME ALL OVER
THE WORLD!



...NOW WHAT I'LL NEED IS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
GIRL MODEL! I'LL TELL HER NOTHING! THEN I'LL
FRIGHTEN HER--OH, I'LL FRIGHTEN HER, ALL
RIGHT! HA! HA!...



PAUL BEAUMONT LIVED IN A SUBURBAN COTTAGE,
WITH HIS ELDERLY HOUSEKEEPER! BUT THE OLD
WOMAN WAS AWAY THIS WEEK! HE MADE HIS DIABOL-
ICAL PREPARATIONS!

...MY HIGH-SPEED CAMERA, HIDDEN! WHEN I
GET HER REALLY FRIGHTENED, IT'LL SNAP A
CLOSEUP OF HER FACE!...



...I'LL HAVE THAT SNAPSHOT OF HOW SHE LOOKS,
AS TERRIFIED AS ANYBODY CAN BE! THEN I'LL
PAINT FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH! HA! HA! I'LL
PUT THE AD IN TOMORROW!



...I'M SURE SICK OF WORKIN' IN THE FIVE AN' TEN!
I'M GOOD LOOKIN', WHY COULDN'T I BE A MODEL?





IT SEEMED SIMPLE ENOUGH--POSING FOR AN ARTIST WHO WANTED TO PAINT HER PICTURE!

YES, I THINK THAT YOU WILL DO! WE'LL START NOW! YOU'LL FIND YOUR COSTUME IN THE DRESSING ROOM!

OH! ALL RIGHT, SIR!



AND PRESENTLY...

I'M READY, MR. BEAUMONT!



OH, GOOD! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!



TO THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL IT WAS A GRISLY, A TERRIBLE SHOCK! SHE STOOD TRANSFIXED, WITH THE BLOOD DRAINING FROM HER FACE AND HER HEART RACING!



THEN, SUDDENLY, BEAUMONT FELT HER GO LIMP IN HIS GRIP! HE DID NOT REALIZE WHAT HAD HAPPENED! HE WAS LAUGHING WILDLY WITH EXCITEMENT AS HIS CAMERA CLICKED...



... GOT IT! JUST PERFECT...

AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...



WHY—SHE'S DEAD! I FRIGHTENED HER TO DEATH!

THE ULTIMATE OF HUMAN TERROR! TRIUMPH SURGED IN BEAUMONT! HE BURIED THE BODY OF LITTLE MAISE GREEN OUT IN THE DARK, LONELY WOODS NEAR HIS COTTAGE...



NOW I'LL DEVELOP THE PHOTOGRAPH AND PAINT MY MASTERPIECE FROM IT!

IN THE LITTLE DARK ROOM IN HIS CELLAR.



IT'S COMING OUT PERFECT... THAT GIRL SAID SHE WAS NEW IN TOWN—NO FAMILY—NO FRIENDS—NO ONE WILL EVEN MISS HER!

AT MIDNIGHT HE WAS READY! BUT, SUDDENLY...

WHA--?! NO! NO—IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD AND BURIED! I'M JUST IMAGINING THINGS!



DEAD--YES! BUT YOU'VE GOT YOUR MASTERPIECE TO PAINT! REMEMBER?

PAINT IT! PAINT IT! YOU WANT A PICTURE OF HUMAN TERROR? GO ON, PAINT IT!

YES, OF COURSE I WILL! MY MASTERPIECE! HA! NOBODY WILL EVER PAINT A PICTURE OF TERROR LIKE THIS ONE!



THE HOURS PASSED...THROUGH THE NIGHT...
AND WHEN THE DAWN CAME...

DON'T STOP, I TELL YOU!
KEEP GOING! YOUR MASTER-
PIECE, REMEMBER?

YES! HA!
HA! IT'S
PERFECT!



THE STUDIO DOOR WAS LOCKED. AFTER A
MOMENT, THE OLD WOMAN RAN FOR THE
POLICE! AND...

IT'S ALL FINISHED!
HA! HA!...

WE BETTER BREAK
DOWN THE DOOR,
CLANCY!

YEAH!



HE'S DEAD!

HEY, LOOK AT THIS! HE SAT
BEFORE THE MIRROR,
PAINTING!



EARLY THAT MORNING, BEAUMONT'S OLD HOUSE-
KEEPER UNEXPECTEDLY RETURNED...

IT'S ALMOST DONE NOW! SURE, I'M FRIGHT-
ENED! OH, I'M FRIGHTENED ALL RIGHT! THAT
MAKES IT EVEN BETTER, DOESN'T IT?
HA! HA! HA!

...HE'S GONE OUT
OF HIS MIND!



THEN THERE WAS A CRASH INSIDE THE STUDIO,
AND AS THE POLICEMEN BROKE THE DOOR...

MR. BEAUMONT! OHHH...



HIS SUPREME MASTERPIECE...AS HE SAT
BEFORE THE MIRROR! HIS...SELF-PORTRAIT!



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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in Catalogue

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whistles...
horns... on
this railroad
sound effects
record.

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MASTER of the CATS!



JOHN WINGATE AND HIS WIFE, ALICE, WERE SURROUNDED BY ONE OF THE FOGS WHICH GIVE THE SPANISH HILL REGION A BAD REPUTATION...

ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE, JOHN?

NO. MAYBE I'D BETTER PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND WAIT UNTIL THE FOG LIFTS.



WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THAT A LIGHT UP AHEAD?

YES...IT IS! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN STAY THERE TONIGHT.







IT WAS THEN THAT A SCREAM OF PAIN FILLED THE ROOM...AS THE INJURED CAT MOVED UNEXPECTEDLY...

OHHHH!

ALICE!



MY THROAT! HE...BIT...ME...

DARLING!

BRING HER IN HERE, SEÑOR. THIS ROOM HAS BEEN READY AND WAITING!



JOHN PUT ALICE TO BED AND SAT UP TO WATCH OVER HER. HIS EYES GRADUALLY CLOSED WITH THE FATIGUE OF THE LONG DAY, BUT SLEEP DID NOT LAST LONG... "WHAT!

OH...OHHH... R-O-W-W-W!

THE CATS ARE IN HERE! WHERE...



BUT FEAR TOUCHED JOHN'S HEART AS HE REALIZED NO CATS WERE THERE TO MAKE THE SOUND... Y...YES... I...

ALICE! I...MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING. WAKE UP! IT WAS HORRIBLE. ARE YOU I THOUGHT I WAS ALL RIGHT? A...OH, JOHN...IT'S SO FRIGHTENING!



JOHN STAYED AWAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT, SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED...

WHY, JOHN... IT'S MORNING.

YES, DEAR... AND YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING SINCE...SINCE... WAIT...I'LL GET YOU SOME BREAKFAST.



OH...I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY...

COMPANY? NONSENSE, SEÑOR! THIS IS MY FAMILY...MY SONS I WAS SURE YOU HAD MET THEM... ONLY, ONE IS MISSING TODAY... HE HAD A BROKEN LEG!



THE THOUGHT THAT RAN THROUGH JOHN WINGATE'S BRAIN ALMOST MADE HIM DOUBT HIS SANITY, AND YET HE HAD TO ASK... VERY

A BROKEN LEG? HOW... HOW ARE YOUR CATS...

HAPPY, SEÑOR. THEY HAVE BEEN LONELY SINCE THEIR SISTER DIED A MONTH AGO. BUT I DO NOT THINK THEY WILL BE LONELY ANY MORE.



THAT SENTENCE RE-ECHOED IN JOHN'S BRAIN ALL THROUGH THE LONG DAY. THEN AT NIGHT, WITH THE FOG STILL THICK, A SUDDEN CRY FROM HIS WIFE DREW HIM TO THE BEDROOM...

THE CATS! THE CATS!
THE CA-A-A-A-

ALICE! I'M
HERE!



SHE...SCRATCHED ME! I'LL HAVE TO GET THE OLD MAN TO HELP HOLD HER DOWN.

ARGHHH!



AS JOHN RACED OUT OF THE ROOM, ALICE... OR WHAT HAD BEEN ALICE, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE SOME GREAT WHITE CAT, HOPPED OUT OF THE BED...



ALICE! ALICE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



THE FOG SWALLOWED UP ALICE'S FIGURE AS IF SHE HAD STEPPED INTO THE MOUTH OF SOME GREAT MONSTER...

FOR THE LOVE
OF HEAVEN,
ALICE, WHERE
ARE YOU?

YOU WILL NEVER
FIND HER, SENOR.
SHE IS IN THE
FOG... JOINING MY
FAMILY!



CRAZY IDIOT! I'LL USE THE CAR TO LOOK FOR HER! THE HEADLIGHTS MIGHT PENETRATE THIS BLASTED FOG!



WINGATE'S JARRED NERVES ALMOST MADE HIM SCREAM WITH TERROR, AS A STRANGE FORM HURTTLED OUT OF THE DARKNESS, WHINING PITEOUSLY...

WHAT'S THAT?
ANOTHER CAT?



JOHN'S REACTION WAS IMMEDIATE...
AND WITHOUT THOUGHT...

GET AWAY FROM ME,
YOU FILTHY BEAST!



BUT THE GREAT CAT WAS NOT
EASILY DISCOURAGED. IT
RACED ALONG BESIDE THE
CAR, WHINING CONTINUOUSLY...

WON'T GIVE UP, WILL
YOU? SEE HOW YOU LIKE...



TO JOHN WINGATE, THIS STRANGE
CAT WAS A SYMBOL OF ALL THE
EVIL THAT HAD COME UPON HIM
THAT NIGHT. HE SWERVED THE
WHEEL... HEADING RIGHT FOR THE
WHINING ANIMAL...

...THIS!



GOOD LORD, SOUNDED MORE LIKE I
HIT A TREE STUMP THAN A CAT! I'D
BETTER INVESTIGATE!



EVEN AT THIS MOMENT, THE FULL HORROR OF THE
SITUATION DID NOT FULLY PENETRATE THE HALF-CRAZED
BRAIN...

ALICE! YOU! I HIT
YOU! I THOUGHT I
HIT A CAT!

YOU... DID!
I... WAS... TH...



DEAD! AND I
KILLED HER! I
MUST GO BACK TO
THE HOUSE! I
MUST GET HELP!

BUT IT IS A HOPELESS TASK... THIS SEARCH! TRY AS
HE MIGHT, JOHN WINGATE WAS NEVER ABLE TO FIND
THE MASTER OF THE CATS AGAIN...

MR. GATO!
MR. GATO!



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THE CELLAR OF BLOOD!

The world believes that Heinrich Himmler killed himself when he was finally captured. But the Army of Occupation Intelligence has heard a different story. We heard that the man who died was a double, and that Himmler actually had suicided in hiding and was secretly buried by his storm troop comrades. We had been searching for his burial place for some time — to learn the facts, for Himmler had been the foulest murderer in the world's history — six million had been the number of his innocent victims.

A captain, I had been attracted by a strange story told at one of our hospitals. Several men had been placed under restraint there. They had all been on guard duty near the old castle Aldenweir. Each had been found raving crazy in the morning ... and the name of Himmler had been mentioned in their ravings.

After listening to some of them I took a jeep and drove out to that partly ruined castle. The sun was setting. It was ancient, gloomy, forbidding. Darkness was falling as I entered, and my search-light barely illuminated a small area of the damp ruins. Groping black doorways slimy worn steps the whirr of bats was all about me! I heard a strange sound from below.

I descended the stairs that led down into the dungeon cellar. They twisted eerily and were treacherously steep. At the bottom, I found myself treading in something wet. I flashed my light down and saw that the floor of the old basement was covered with something sticky and moist. I heard the noise again; it seemed like a choking sort of

screaming. A faint reddish light shone.

Towards it I made my way slowly, my feet sucking deeper into the muck of the floor. An odor as of a butcher shop assailed my nostrils. I saw something coming towards me, stopped, called. There was no answer, only a sickly dripping sound and the choking. Then, around a pillar, it came into view.

It was a man, swollen, bloated, ten feet tall! It was greenish and monstrous. It was tailed and horned and scaly. Its face, distorted though it was, was that of the unspeakable Himmler! From every pore, from fingers and toes and torso, blood was dripping! It was blood, I realized, that covered the floor. Blood that flowed from this monster! The horror moved forwards towards me, groping, dripping, gurgling!

I stood there, transfixed with terror. I screamed, then turned and fought my way out of that castle, my feet slipping and sliding in a sea of gore.

Next day I recovered enough to call in a crew of G.I. engineers. They dug in that basement, covered with dried red scum, and they turned up the body of a man — of Heinrich Himmler. He had been buried there. They burned that body in a bonfire outside the castle.

What I had seen was the ghost of the greatest fiend that had ever lived in all the ten thousand tortured years of history. Dead though he was, he was doomed to wallow in that ocean of blood he had caused to flow. Burned, his ashes scattered, Himmler's ghost would walk no more!

the KNIFE of JACK the RIPPER!



I AM SENDING YOU THIS STORY IN THE HOPES THAT SOMEHOW YOU WILL FIND ME! I AM A DEADLY MENACE! I AM THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN KILLING MEN AND WOMEN IN THE DARK ALLEYS OF YOUR CITY...



THIS MANUSCRIPT CAME IN UNSOLICITED TO YOUR EDITOR. WE PRESENT IT HERE—AS A WARNING TO THOSE WHO MAY MEET THE MAN WHO CARRIES—THE *KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER*!

I WAS NOT ALWAYS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC. THAT IS THE *KNIFE'S* FAULT! IT BEGAN MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG CARPENTER DOING ODD JOBS AROUND THE TOWN...

BE RIGHT BACK, MA'AM. I NEED A KNIFE.

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN.



I SAW A KNIFE IN A NEARBY PAWN SHOP. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT CAUGHT AND HELD MY EYES...



TAKE IT FOR A QUARTER! IT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS! FOLKS ARE AFRAID OF IT!

IT ISN'T THE KIND OF KNIFE I NEED... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT APPEALS TO ME!



A SHOCK RAN UP MY ARMS AND INTO MY BRAIN WHEN I TOOK THAT KNIFE IN MY HANDS! IT SEEMED TO SQUIRM AS IF IT WERE ALIVE!

ALMOST AS IF IT WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!



I HAD TO HAVE THAT KNIFE! I TOSSED A QUARTER ON THE COUNTER AND RAN OUT WITH IT, HIDING IT UNDER MY SHIRT!

CAN'T LET ANYBODY SEE IT! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WANTS TO TELL ME...



BACK AT THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BUILDING SOME KITCHEN CABINETS, I TOOK IT OUT TO WHITTLE A DOLL-PIN, AND...

WHY, IT'S ALMOST AS IF I CAN SEE A SORT OF PICTURE WHEN I HOLD IT! A PICTURE OF A LONDON FOG, AND A MAN WALKING, FOLLOWING A WOMAN....



LONDON, 1888. A FOGGY STREET. A WOMAN WALKING IN THE NIGHT... A MAN, BEHIND HER...!



A HAND REACHING OUT IN THE FOG, A WOMAN SCREAMING...



THAT KNIFE I SAW IN MY MIND'S EYE... DRIPPING WITH A WOMAN'S BLOOD... WAS THE KNIFE I HELD IN MY HANDS! THE KNIFE OF THE DREAD, DEADLY—**JACK THE RIPPER!**



AS THE PICTURE FADED OUT, A SCREAM RANG IN MY EARS ...



I WHIRLED, AS IF COMING OUT OF A DAZE! I STARED AT MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, AND A COLD CHILL GRIPPED MY SPINE!



AND THEN SANITY TOOK OVER! I RUBBED MY HANDS ACROSS MY EYES AND STAGGERED OUT MUMBLING...

DON'T BOTHER TO COME BACK. I'LL G-GET SOME ONE ELSE TO FINISH THE JOB...

I-I'M SORRY I--I GUESS I'M SICK OR-- SOMETHING!



IT'S THE KNIFE! IT CHANGED ME, SOMEHOW! MADE ME DIFFERENT. MADE ME DREAM PICTURES OF KILLINGS! MADE ME WANT TO KILL PEOPLE... SEE BLOOD ON THE KNIFE... AS IF IT NEEDS BLOOD-- TO LIVE!



I PUT THE KNIFE AWAY, AND TRIED TO FORGET IT, BUT AS THE MOON ROSE INTO THE SKY...

GOT TO WRAP MY FINGERS AROUND IT... FEEL IT WRIGGLE... SEE THOSE PICTURES AGAIN...!



MAKES ME WANT TO LEARN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO KILL SOMEBODY, HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM IN FEAR! TO KNOW SHE'S AFRAID OF ME AND MY KNIFE...



FOR HOURS I CROUCHED IN THE STILL NIGHT, WAITING. SUDDENLY I HEARD THE TAP-TAPPING OF HIGH HEELS...



I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF! THE KNIFE MADE ME LEAP OUT OF THE SHADOWS WHERE I HID...

I... DOHHH!



DON'T BE AFRAID... IT WON'T HURT! THIS KNIFE KNOWS HOW TO KILL... INSTANTLY, QUICKLY! STOP SCREAMING...



YOU LITTLE FOOL... HOLD STILL!

NO... NO... PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME...!



SUDDENLY, THE KNIFE SEEMED TO MOVE OF ITS OWN POWER, AS IF IT SAW AN OPENING AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT!

IT STABBED HER... BY ITSELF!



I STARED DOWN, MY BREATH SOBBING IN MY THROAT. I HAD NOT WANTED TO KILL HER... OR HAD I?

I DON'T KNOW! DID I DO IT... OR DID THE KNIFE?



I'M AFRAID! AFRAID! THE POLICE WILL FIND ME AND PUT ME IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! BUT IF... IF I GET RID OF THE KNIFE... NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT ME...



I STOOD ON THE BANK OF THE EAST RIVER AND THREW THE KNIFE... THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT! IT'LL SINK IN THE RIVER! THEN I'LL BE FREE OF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE...!



BUT AS I TURNED TO RUN A VOICE
HAILED ME FROM THE RIVER WATERS.

HEY, YOU! YOU DROPPED YOUR
KNIFE! IT FELL ON MY DECK.
HERE, I'LL TOSS IT TO YOU!



IT CAME TWISTING AND TURNING
THROUGH THE AIR TO FALL AT MY
FEET. I KNEW THEN THAT THE
KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER WAS
NEVER GOING TO LET ME OUT
OF ITS CLUTCHES...



IT WAS USELESS TO FIGHT ANY
MORE...THE KNIFE HAD ME IN ITS
GRIP! I KILLED, AND KILLED AGAIN!



IT MIGHT BE A WAITRESS WHO
SERVED ME MY FOOD LATE AT NIGHT.

SHE WORKS UNTIL AFTER MID-
NIGHT. I'LL GO TO A MOVIE
AND THEN FOLLOW HER HOME!



SHE'LL NEVER GO HOME--
NOW!



AGAIN, IT WAS A SWITCH-BOARD
OPERATOR WHO WORKED UNTIL
THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.



ONCE I
CORNERED
A WOMAN IN
AN EVENING
GOWN! HOW
GOOD IT WAS
TO SEE HER
EYES WIDEN
IN FEAR,
TO LISTEN
TO HER
SHRIEK IN
TERROR...



ONE NIGHT, A JANITOR SAW ME AND
STARTED TO RUN FOR HELP...
HELP! POLICE! HELP! I'VE FOUND
YOU FOOL! THE **KNIFE KILLER!**
SHUT UP!



ALWAYS, AS THIS LUST TO
KILL CAME OVER ME, AS I
REACHED FOR THE KNIFE, MY
HEART TWISTED INSIDE ME...

I DON'T WANT TO KILL!
THE KNIFE IS MAKING
ME!



AND SO I WRITE THIS
LETTER... MAYBE BY
PUBLISHING THIS STORY...
MY STORY AND THE STORY
OF THE KNIFE OF JACK
THE RIPPER... THE POLICE
WILL CATCH ME!



YOU MAKE ME KILL!
THE EVIL IS INSIDE YOU!
I'M NOT GOING TO, NOT
ANY MORE! YOU CAN'T
MAKE ME... NOT AGAIN...
NO... NO...



BUT IT ALWAYS WINDS UP THE SAME WAY...

REMEMBER MY WARN-
ING! CALL THE POLICE!
REMEMBER... MY NEXT
VICTIM MAY BE...



Have Fun! Thrills! Romances!

Anyone Can Learn to Dance

Square
Dances

Samba

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THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

TENANT OF THE LOST PYRAMID!

Dr. Vettry turned to me, smiled enigmatically, and went on with his remarks. "And so now that we are here at last, here in the lost valley in Egypt, so far beyond what we call civilization, I want to tell you more of what we expect to find."

I leaned on my pick, watched him. Beside us loomed the strange featureless brick wall of the Lost Pyramid, soaring up vast and time-yellowed against the grey rocky walls of that hidden valley. Our tents stood alone and forlorn in the sandy wastes that filled the valley's basin. For miles, in all directions, we were alone — our guides far away, just the three of us here. There was the fanatical time-lined face of the world-famous Egyptologist; a man who had spent decades in the curse-laden pastime of robbing the tombs of ancient pharaohs, of despoiling the buried temples of forgotten demon-gods.

There was his daughter, Vera, young, lovely, just out of college, her face still sparkling with the zest of youth on its first adventure. Finally, there was myself, young enough to appreciate the novelty of this strange work, honored by my role of assistant to the great archeologist.

"I have told you how I found the parchment which told of the whereabouts of this Lost Pyramid. It was clutched in the withered hands of a sacrificed priest of Anubis. I have told you that it gave specific instructions for

finding this unmapped valley and its most secret of tombs. What I did not tell you was that it spoke of the nature of this pyramid's great secret. Anubis, you know, was the mystery god of Ancient Egypt, the god of its Hell. This tomb was his most guarded mystery — for it contains the terrible secret of Eternal Life. In this parchment, it is termed the 'Life-in-Death'."

I stared up at the pyramid before which we toiled. It had been featureless when we had found it, with only the piled dust of ages obscuring its base. Now we had found the stone door which had been hidden beneath that dust. We had pried it open, and in the small stone antechamber beyond, we had found only the usual trappings of the ancients — carved funeral masks, crumbling clay, clay statues of the monster-headed gods of the Elder Dynasties, the grey mummies of sacred cats — and another inner door set at the end of a dark, bare passage leading into the very heart of the pyramid.

Dr. Vettry clutched my hand with the grip of one obsessed. "I have reason to believe that within this tomb there is sleeping a man who is not dead. He was a priest of Anubis — they called him the Mad Priest. He dared to challenge his horrible god's dominion over the Region of the Dead — and as a result he was condemned — to Eternal Life! He lies somewhere beyond that door, waiting to rise and

walk again at the call of pulsing blood!"

That very morning we had planted a small explosive charge in the corner of that innermost door. Not too much, but just enough to break the aged seals that held it tight. Now Dr. Vettry took the switch that attached to the detonation wire, glanced once again at the connections, and placed it in Vera's hand. "You must be the one to press it," he said. "Not that it would matter, perhaps, but the parchment said that the door must be opened by a woman. After all, it is a small thing for us to do to oblige the ancients."

Vera took the switch, her eyes alight but troubled. She turned to us. "Surely you cannot really believe that wild story? You cannot really think that a man can be kept alive, in a state of drugged sleep, for over five thousand years?"

Dr. Vettry smiled his weird smile. "Who knows, my dear? Though I suppose we shall only find another mummy — yet, it may be a curious secret."

Vera pressed the switch. There was a muffled boom, and a cloud of grey smoke and dust welled out of the opening in the pyramid. We all coughed and sneezed. Gradually the pall of smoke began to settle, but a cloud of it still hung wispily in the unlit passageway that led into the depths of the structure.

"We'll have to wait for it to clear away," I said, trying to pierce the hanging, swirling smoke. Then I gasped, held my breath, listened. We heard something, we all heard it, deep within the pyramid. There was a crumbling sound, then a swishing noise, then — yes, then — footsteps! Foot falls!

Slow, painful, halting. The doctor's face went pale. Vera stared, started slowly forward as if hypnotized by the eerie sounds. I raised my pick, fearfully held it as if waiting.

Then, from the mouth of the ancient Lost Pyramid, through the grey dust swirls, came a figure. It emerged into the harsh North African sun, walking slowly, creakily, towards Vera.

It was a man, a mummy. Its body, which had been wrapped in a browning funeral shroud, in strips of incense-soaked linen

such as was used to wrap the dead, was showing itself as the time-rotted cloth shredded away. A greyish, dead flesh, a body which had been slowly drying for a hundred generations, was now appearing. The head was no skeleton, but that of a man, of a man who had laid entrapped beyond the beginning of time. Flesh, bare flesh; against sharp bone. His eyes shone green and hungry. His yellowing cracked teeth were bared, and his bone-thin hands were raised before him, raised to clutch at the life that had been so long denied him.

Vera screamed. The mummy moved on towards her. Dr. Vettry fell down on his knees, yelling: "It's true, it's true! The mummy lives! The black power of Anubis still rules!"

But I recovered my senses. I snatched my pick up, dashed forward, and swung the heavy implement.

The mummy turned, threw up its hands at me. I smelt a smell of incenses and of the dust that had once tickled the nostrils of a forgotten Pharaoh. I stared into the haunted and hell-lit eyes of a man who should have been dead five thousand years and had refused to die. And my heavy iron pick fell square upon the ancient skull.

There was a sickening crunch, a moment of dreadful suspension, when the mummy opened his mouth and screamed a scream that reeked of the agonies of a hundred unspeakable tortures. It fell, skull split wide, at my feet.

Before our shocked eyes, the thing crumbled into dust, crumbled into a mass of dusty flesh and pocked white bones.

We have recovered, the three of us, and we have sealed off the Lost Pyramid. We have returned to Cairo and to "civilization". But there is a seal of secret upon our lips. In Dr. Vettry's possession there is a parchment, written by a wizard thousands of years dead, which carries a formula for the eternal preservation of life. And I know, though I dare not denounce him, that Dr. Vettry plans to find a new tenant for that ancient tomb. But it is not going to be Vera—or myself. It may, perhaps, be you.

OPERATION HORROR!



WAS IT A DREAM? THE APPEARANCE OF THIS MONSTER OF A PREHISTORIC AGE? WAS IT IMAGINATION? WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THIS SHAGGY CREATURE COULD STEP OUT OF THE PAST AND TURN THE PRESENT INTO A PRIMEVAL BLOOD-BATH? IT WAS A *HORRIFYING REALITY!* THE CAVE MAN HAD COME BACK... AND HIS MISSION WAS... *MURDER!*

IT IS PAST MIDNIGHT. RAIN LASHES THE SULEN WOODS. WIND HOWLS ACROSS THE ROLLING HILLS. AN OLD HOUSE IS VISIBLE! THE HOUSE IS DARK EXCEPT FOR LIGHTS WHICH BURN BRIGHTLY IN A LOWER WING...



IT IS THE LABORATORY OF DR. GORDELL...

IF THIS LAST EXPERIMENT FAILS, ROGER, MY ELIXIR WILL BE PROVEN USELESS!

ELIXIR FOR WHAT, SIR? I'VE BEEN YOUR ASSISTANT FOR A YEAR, AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR IDEA IS!





I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, BUT I CAN'T TELL MY EXPERIMENTS SUCCEED!

IT'S TORTURE TO WORK IN THE DARK, NEVER KNOWING WHAT I'M DOING, OR WHY...



FAILURE IS THE ONLY TRUE TORTURE, ROGER. PLEASE SET THE CLOCK, AND GO TO BED... IT'S PAST TWO...

WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHEN WILL YOU REST?



WHEN THE GUINEA PIG EITHER GROWS IN SIZE, POWER, AND VICIOUSNESS, OR REMAINS UNAFFECTED, AS HAVE ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS I'VE INJECTED WITH MY ELIXIR...

VERY WELL, PROFESSOR. GOOD NIGHT.



IT'S BEDTIME... SLEEP, PEACE FOR EVERY MAN BUT ME! I, POOR SLAVE, AM CHAINED TO A DREAM... *I MUST SUCCEED!*



I MUST CREATE AN ELIXIR TO RESTORE THE VIGOR AND POWER MAN HAD IN THE PRIMEVAL ERA... AND IN TWO HOURS --- I'LL HAVE THE ANSWER!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE...

ROGER! ISN'T FATHER GOING TO SLEEP, TOO?

NOT YET, DIANE. HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT HE'S WORKING AT! IT MIGHT BE THE WRONG THING, THEN SUCCESS CAN BE A *DISASTER!*



BUT FATHER IS A SCIENTIST! WOULD HE GIVE HIS LIFE FOR THE PURSUIT OF SOMETHING *EVIL?*

THE DANGER LIES IN HIS DESPERATE CRAVING FOR SUCCESS! HE MIGHT TRY *ANYTHING* TO GAIN IT!



BUT WHAT'S
HE LOOKING
FOR?

IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO
WITH BUILDING UP ANIMAL
STRENGTH AND POWER IN MAN.
BEYOND THAT I KNOW NOTHING.



NO SIGN OF ANY
REACTION! *AGAIN*,
FAILURE! THE
ELIXIR IS CONDEMNED
TO REMAIN JUST A
DREAM! WHEN MAN
COULD BE PRO-
VIDED WITH
PRIMEVAL
STRENGTH
AND
HEALTH!



MAN? MAN?
GASP!



THAT'S THE
MISTAKE I'VE BEEN
MAKING FOR YEARS!
TRYING OUT MY
ELIXIR ON ANIMALS
WHEN IT WAS
DESIGNED FOR
HUMAN BEINGS!



I MYSELF SHALL BE THE
FIRST MAN TO KNOW THE
WONDERS OF THIS ELIXIR!
I DRINK NOW...
TO MANKIND'S
BENEFIT!

DR. GORDELL SWALLOWS THE MYSTIC POTION...IMMEDIATELY
A CHANGE COMES OVER HIS FACE! IT BECOMES BRUTISH,
THE TEETH BECOME FANGS, THE HAIR BECOMES LONG AND
MATTED...



WITH A GROWL, THE BEAST
LUNGES OUT OF THE LABORATORY
AND LUMBERS INTO THE NIGHT...



FOR A SHORT TIME, THE CONFUSED BEAST CRASHES ABOUT IN THE WOODS. SUDDENLY...



GOOD THING WE BROUGHT ANOTHER SPARE, JIM. HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

GEORGE, I NEVER SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE!

GROWLING SAVAGELY, THE CAVE MAN BRINGS THE CLUB AROUND WITH A SICKENING THUD...



IT...IT'S A HUMAN GORILLA...

INTO THE AIR GOES THE MAN! AS HAIRY FINGERS OF STEEL SQUEEZE HIS LIFE AWAY...



THE BEAST TOSSES ITS INERT VICTIM ASIDE. BUT PAINS SUDDENLY SHOOT THROUGH THE MONSTER'S BRAIN! HIS VISION BLURS! THE WOODS SWIM BEFORE HIS GAZE...



DESPERATELY, THE MONSTER STUMBLES THROUGH THE WOODS... BACK TO THE ONLY HOME HE REMEMBERS... A BRIGHT, GLASS ENCLOSED CAVE...



HE REACHES THE ROOM...SUDDENLY, THE GLARING LIGHT SPINS OUT OF VIEW...THE BEAST FALLS TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH!



WHEN MORNING LIGHT STREAMS INTO THE LABORATORY, IT GLISTENS ON THE BROKEN GLASS AND SHATTERED APPARATUS...

DR. GORDELL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

H...HELP ME TO MY FEET, ROGER. I...I HAD A DIZZY SPELL...





DID THE GUINEA PIG SHOW ANY CHANGE?

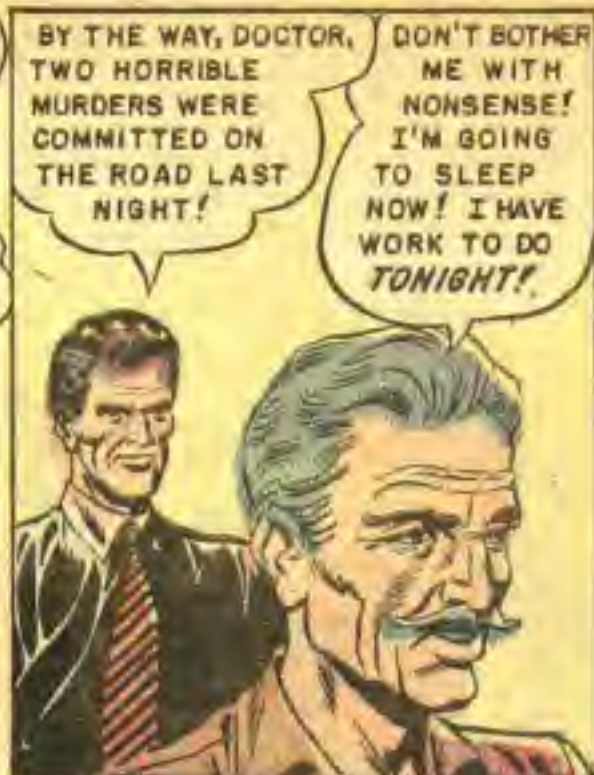
GUINEA PIG? ROGER DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY DRINKING THE POTION?--BUT I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT IT, EITHER! AFTER I DRANK THE ELIXIR I BLACKED OUT!



PROFESSOR, DID YOU DRINK ANY OF THIS?

THE GLASS MUST HAVE TUMBLLED OVER WHEN I FAINTED!

WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN THE TIME I DRANK THE ELIXIR AND THIS MORNING? I MUST DRINK IT AGAIN TONIGHT AND FIND OUT!



BY THE WAY, DOCTOR, TWO HORRIBLE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED ON THE ROAD LAST NIGHT!

DON'T BOTHER ME WITH NONSENSE! I'M GOING TO SLEEP NOW! I HAVE WORK TO DO TONIGHT!



THAT'S STRANGE! THE WINDOW IS COMPLETELY SMASHED! WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?



BUT DR. GORDELL CONTINUES HIS EXPERIMENTS! THAT NIGHT, BEHIND BOLTED DOORS, HE AGAIN DRINKS THE POTION.

AGAIN THE BEAST STANDS IN THE SHOES OF THE EMINENT SCIENTIST. HE BECOMES A PRIMORDIAL CREATURE...



AGAIN, NOT FAR FROM DOCTOR GORDELL'S PRIVATE ESTATE, THE KILLER FINDS HIS VICTIM!

BEN, LOOK!

HOLY MACKEREL!



AGAIN THE BEAST LURCHES BACK TO THE LABORATORY. AGAIN AMNESIA DESTROYS THE MEMORY OF THE NIGHT'S EVENTS. SO THE NEXT NIGHT, THE POTION IS AGAIN DRUNK, AND THE BEAST SALLIES FORTH ONCE MORE INTO THE STORM!

EEAHHH!

THIS TIME THE VICTIM IS A HAPLESS TRAMP!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY--

WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AFTER I SWALLOW THE POTION? I MUST BE KEEP TESTING MY REACTIONS!

THE PROFESSOR'S SHOES COVERED WITH MUD! HE WAS OUTSIDE IN THE STORM LAST NIGHT.



THAT NIGHT... I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DISCOVER TONIGHT, BUT BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST!

ROGER... COMING OUT OF THE LABORATORY! IT CAN'T BE FATHER! THIS MAN'S TOO BIG!



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM!

IT'S THE LUNATIC THE PAPERS ARE TALKING ABOUT! LET'S FELLOW HIM! MAYBE WE CAN PREVENT ANOTHER TRAGEDY!



THE BEAST, FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF ANIMALS, COMES TO A NEARBY FAIR GROUNDS--SUDDENLY...

ROGER, HE'S COMING FOR US!

QUICK, DIANE! INTO THIS TENT!



NO, HE'S TOO QUICK. WHY DOES HE WANT TO KILL US, ROGER?

KILLING IS THE DEEPEST INSTINCT OF HIS VICIOUS NATURE! WAIT! LOOK AT THE GORILLA CAGE! THE SIGHT OF THE CAVE MAN HAS EXCITED THE APE TO SUPER STRENGTH! HE'S BREAKING THROUGH THE BARS!



IN A FLASH THE TWO MONSTERS ARE LOCKED IN TIME-WORN CONFLICT--THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

WHO'S WINNING, ROGER?

NEITHER! THEY'LL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! THEY'LL KILL EACH OTHER!



ROGER DORNE IS RIGHT. BOTH BEASTS PERISH. BUT AS THE CAVE MAN DRAWS HIS LAST BREATH, HIS FACE AND FORM CHANGE!

IT'S FATHER! (SOB) OH, HOW DID HE EVER BECOME THAT?

THE POTION, DIANE. IT TRANSFORMED YOUR FATHER INTO A CAVE MAN!



THAT NIGHT, ROGER DORNE SPILLED OUT THE REST OF THE ELIXIR... "EXPERIMENT HORROR" WAS FINISHED. SO WAS THE MAN WHO DARED TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF NATURE!



WIN POWER OVER MEN with these COMPELLING PERFUMES!

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Just send me your name and address and I will rush a Trial Bottle of CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume!) to you. When the postman delivers CHEZ-ELLE in a plain package, deposit only \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5) with him on this GUARANTEE: Use CHEZ-ELLE for 10 days. If you don't agree that CHEZ-ELLE is the most POWERFUL perfume you ever used, return it and I'll send your \$2 right back. Write NOW!

DRAW MEN to YOU with the CHARM of TRYST



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Do YOU want to MARRY NOW?



YOU must have heard of certain perfumes that have an almost MAGIC-like POWER OVER MEN. LOVESCENT is one of these perfumes. YOU should USE YOUR POWER to MAKE HIM MARRY YOU! So send for your LOVESCENT today, NOW! because LOVESCENT is so very carefully and delicately blended to BRING TOGETHER two loving hearts for ever and ever.

Send me your name and address only. When the postman brings LOVESCENT, my COMPELLING perfume, deposit \$2 plus postage (2 for \$5) on my GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, I will send your \$2 right back. YOU must be THRILLED with the POWER that makes LOVESCENT what you want. Send NOW and I will RUSH it to YOU.

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Do YOU dream of THRILLING moments of LOVE and ECSTASY? These CAN be YOURS, if you only LEARN HOW to induce the men you love to love only YOU. Place a little BLUE PASSION on the palms of your hands and behind your ears. Do this for a week and watch the way BLUE PASSION works for YOU! Let BLUE PASSION help bring him into your arms for NOW and FOREVER. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings BLUE PASSION, deposit only \$2 plus postage (2 for \$5). Use BLUE PASSION as directed for 10 days. If you are not delighted, I will return your \$2. Send NOW for BLUE PASSION.

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DEAR FRIEND: Are YOU alone? Unhappy? Discouraged? Are YOU a girl who just can't seem to find the RIGHT man? An unhappy girl I know told me how wonderful life is since she started using Friendly GOSSIP. She's not alone and unhappy any more! Another girl swears that Friendly GOSSIP helped bring her SUCKER and her own TRUE LOVE. Let me RUSH a trial bottle of Friendly GOSSIP to YOU. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings Friendly GOSSIP, deposit only \$2 plus postage (2 for \$5) on my GUARANTEE: Use it for 10 days and if you don't think that it is exactly what you want, I'll send your \$2 back. Don't YOU be the unhappy girl they talk about. Send NOW for Friendly GOSSIP Perfume.



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